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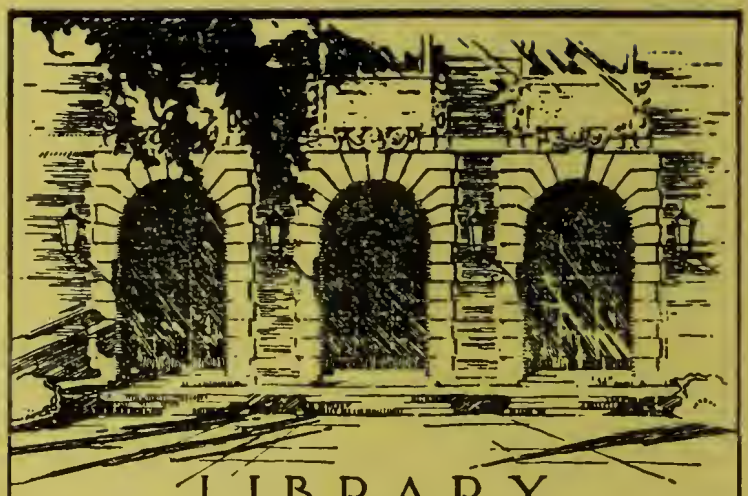

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THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES

EDITED BY

M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

ULYSSES S. GRANT

BY

OWEN WISTER

U. S. Grant

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THE Beacon Biographies OF Eminent Americans

Edited by

M. A. DeWolfe Howe

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PUBLISHED BY

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BOSTON

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OWEN WISTER

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The frontispiece to this volume is from a photograph taken in 1865 by H. F. Warren, and now in the collection of the Bostonian Society in Boston. The present engraving is by John Andrew & Son, Boston.

To M. C. W.

from

O. W.

PREFACE.

This short book is derived from long ones; from pamphlets, speeches, essays, and newspapers; from certain pages of the official records; and from a few personal memories kindly given by friends of General Grant to the writer. These latter change nothing in the features, but serve to touch up the likeness, of the established portrait. Grant is a large figure to pack in a small box: the task has been one of omission. Those authors to whom the writer is most grateful are Richardson, Fiske, Coppée, Porter, Humphreys, Sherman, Sheridan, Newhall, Rhodes, and Badeau ("Grant in Peace"). The writer will think that he has made his own contribution to the subject if he shall have tempted any reader to become more thoroughly acquainted with it.

O. W.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1, 1900.

CHRONOLOGY.

1822

April 27. Hiram Ulysses [Ulysses Simpson] Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio.

1823

His family removed to Georgetown, Brown County.

1839

Entered West Point.

1843

Graduated twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, and reported for duty as brevet second lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis.

1845

October 1. Full second lieutenant, Seventh Infantry, at Corpus Christi, Texas.

1846

May 8. His first battle, Palo Alto. His

second the following day at Resaca de la Palma.

September 21–23. Gallant conduct at Monterey.

1847

March 29. Was at Vera Cruz under General Scott.

April 18. Was in battle of Cerro Gordo, and August 20 in those of San Antonio and Churubusco. Regimental quartermaster.

September 8. Brevetted first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino-del-Rey.

September 12–13. Was in battle of Chapultepec.

September 13. Brevetted captain for gallant conduct at Chapultepec.

September 16. Full first lieutenant.

1848

August 22. Married Julia B. Dent, of St. Louis.

Was stationed at Detroit and Sackett's Harbor.

1852

June. Ordered to Pacific Coast.
September. Stationed at Columbia Barracks (Fort Vancouver).

1853

August 5. Full captain.
October. Stationed at Fort Humboldt.

1854–1861

July 31, 1854. Resigned from the army, and was in civil life first at St. Louis and finally at Galena, Illinois.

1861

April 18. Was made chairman of a meeting at Galena to raise volunteers. Vainly sought a commission in the army until
June 16. Was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers.
August 7. Brigadier-general of volunteers, dating from May 17.
September 4. Occupied Cairo.
September 6. Occupied Paducah.
November 7. Was defeated at Belmont.

1862

February 16. Captured Fort Donelson. Promoted to the grade of major-general of volunteers.

April 6–7. Fought the battle of Shiloh.

October 3–5. Commanded engagements at Corinth.

December 20. His first failure against Vicksburg precipitated by the capture of his base at Holly Springs.

1863

January 30. Assumed command opposite Vicksburg.

February–April. Attempted various routes to invest Vicksburg.

April 30. Crossed to the Vicksburg side of the river.

May 1. Battle of Port Gibson.

May 7. Cut loose from his base of supplies at Grand Gulf.

May 12. Battle of Raymond.

May 14. Battle of Jackson.

May 16. Battle of Champion's Hill.

1863 (*continued*)

May 19. Vicksburg invested.
July 4. Vicksburg surrendered to him. Major-general United States Army.
November 24–25. Won the battle of Chattanooga.

1864

March 2. Rank of lieutenant-general revived for him.
May 5–6. Fought Lee in the battle of the Wilderness and
May 8–21. Battle of Spottsylvania.
May 23–26. Battle of North Anna.
May 31–*June* 12. Battle of Cold Harbor.
July–November. Operations round Petersburg.

1865

April 1. Battle of Five Forks.
April 3. Pursued Lee after the fall of Richmond.
April 6. Battle of Sailor's Creek.
April 9. Received Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-house.

1866

July 25. Rank of general given to him.

1867–8

August 12–*January* 14. Was Secretary of War *ad interim*.

1868

May 19. Was unanimously nominated for President at the National Republican Convention in Chicago.

November. Was elected by 214 votes to 80.

1872

September 14. Settlement of the *Alabama* claims.

November. Re-elected President by 300 votes against 66.

1877

May 17. Sailed from Philadelphia on his journey round the world.

1879

December 16. Landed at Philadelphia from his journey.

1883

December 24. Was injured by a fall.

1884

May 6. Failure of the Marine Bank and of Grant & Ward.

November. Final illness declared itself.

1885

March 4. Was placed on the retired list with the rank of general.

July 23. Ulysses S. Grant died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, New York.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

I.

At the age of thirty-nine, Grant was an obscure failure in a provincial town. To him and his family, for whom he could not earn needful bread, his father had become a last shelter against the struggle for life. Not all the neighbours knew his face. At the age of forty-three his picture hung in the homes of grateful millions. His name was joined with Washington's. A little while, and we see him step down, amid discordant reproach, from Washington's chair, having helplessly presided over scandal and villany blacker than the country had thus far witnessed. Next, his private integrity is darkly overcast, and the stroke kills him. But death clears his sky. At the age of sixty-three, Grant died; and the people paused to mourn and honour him devotedly. All the neighbours know his face to-day.

II.

NONE of our public men have a story so strange as this. It is stranger than Lincoln's. It is very much the strangest of them all. We have been too near the man and his time to see them clear through personal, political, and military feelings, mostly violent. All the people are not dead yet. Nearly all the writers have a case to argue. Sheridan must justify his treatment of Warren. Sherman must bolster up Shiloh. Beauregard must diminish Sidney Johnston. Badeau must belittle Meade, and also the losses in the Wilderness. These are mere instances. The heroes and their biographers all write alike, inevitably moved and biassed by the throb of proximity. Such books are not history. They make inspiring material, when read in each other's light. They are personal reminiscences. History never begins until reminiscence is ended.

Even Mr. Ropes, in his championing of Buell the soldier, omits Buell the man. Now Buell, sulking over his wrongs, declined, when invited, to come back and take a command again. He found his dignity more important to him than the Union. Grant, meeting singular injustice after winning Donelson, has such words as these to say: "If my course is not satisfactory, remove me at once. I do not wish to impede in any way the success of our arms." Good authority rates Buell a more military soldier than Grant, and very likely he was. But Buell thought of himself and forgot his country, while Grant thought of his country and forgot himself. Out of this very contrast a bright light falls, and we begin to see Grant. Writing intemperately, his friends explain him as a sort of Napoleon; his enemies, as a dull blunderer, accidentally reaping the glory which other people sowed. These extremes meet in error. We have not

produced a Napoleon, and military talents of greater brilliancy than Grant's fought on both sides. Purely as captains, Lee, Jackson, Sherman, Thomas, if not others, are likely to stand higher; while Sheridan during his brief opportunity proved such a thunderbolt that, did history know men by their promise instead of by their fruits, he might outshine the whole company, and rank with Charles of Sweden or Condé.

Yet Grant sits above and apart. Is this accident? Is it accident that at the beginning of a certain four years this middle-aged man should be nobody, and at the end should be the one commander out of all to win and retain the supreme confidence of his government and his people? It has been called accident by some grown-up writers. His own words give the unconscious explanation: "I feel as sure of taking Richmond as I do of dying." Not McClellan, not Meade, not Lincoln himself, not any one at all,

had ever been able to feel as sure as that. This utter certainty of the Union's success burned in Grant like a central fire, and, with all his limitations, made his will a great natural force which gravitated simply and irresistibly to its end. Lincoln, beginning to feel it from afar, answered the grave complaints that rose after the carnage of Shiloh: "I can't spare this man: he fights." And presently, during the impatient days of Vicksburg failures, he insists: "I rather like the man. I think we'll try him a little longer." Finally comes the renowned remark, when they tell him of Grant's intemperance: "I wish I knew what brand of whiskey he drinks. I would send a barrel to all my other generals." Sherman felt the power near at hand, as he fought under Grant, and wrote to him that it was something which he could liken "to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour." Through this faith, then, the obscure man from

Galena began in April, 1861, and by April, 1864, was the will-power of his country.

But why was such a man still obscure at the age of thirty-nine? Again his own words give the fundamental explanation: "As I grow older, I become more indolent, my besetting sin through life." This was written in 1873 to his minister to England, and no truer word ever came from him. Together with the remark about taking Richmond, it reveals the foundation upon which the whole man was built. Great will and great indolence met about equally in Grant; therefore he stood still, needing a push from without to move him. The gun that fired on Sumter was the push. Until that day he resembled a large animal hibernating. To what he did and left undone his other qualities contributed; but these two controlled,—indolence and will. In their light his story can be plainly read, his portrait clearly seen.

III.

VARIOUS ardent pens have attempted to embellish Grant's boyhood. He has even been given illustrious descent. It is enough to know for certain that, Scotch in blood and American since 1630, he was of the eighth generation, and counted a grandfather in the Revolution, besides other soldier ancestors. The first Grant, Matthew, probably landed at Nantucket, Massachusetts, May 30, 1630. In 1636 he helped establish the town of Windsor, Connecticut. He was its first surveyor and a trusted citizen. Samuel, Solomon, Noah, Adoniram, that is what the Grants in colonial Connecticut were called. And with such names as these they did what all the other colonial Noahs and Adonirams were doing. None of them rose to uncommon dimensions; but they, and such as they, were then, as they are now, the salt and leaven of our country. After

the Revolution, as our frontier widened and the salt and leaven began to be sprinkled westward, Captain Noah Grant went gradually to the Ohio River, leaving there no riches and many children. One of these, Jesse, became a tanner, and in 1821 married Miss Hannah Simpson from Pennsylvania.

On April 27, 1822, at Point Pleasant on the Ohio River, twenty-five miles above Cincinnati, was born their eldest son, and christened Hiram Ulysses,—Hiram because his grandfather liked the name, Ulysses because his step-grandmother had been reading Fénelon. Seventeen years later, when the boy was appointed to the Military Academy, "Mr. Hamer, knowing Mrs. Grant's name was Simpson, and that we had a son named Simpson, somehow got the matter a little mixed up in making the nomination, and sent the name in Ulysses S. Grant." Such is the father's narrative. And before leaving Grant's plain, self-reliant,

uncommercial ancestry, of which his own character is such a natural and relevant product, let it be noted that Jesse, besides writing good clear prose, not unlike his son's, could turn verses fairly well, and also that a neighbour remarked of Ulysses that he "got his sense from his mother." As to Ulysses and the congressional error in his name, he never succeeded in correcting it. The consequences were that the boy came variously to be known as Lyssus, Lys, Useless, Uncle Sam, and Unconditional Surrender. His whole story is here written in nicknames.

Grant's boyhood is like his ancestry, — wholesome, pastoral, inconspicuous. With a rustic schooling, a love of the woods, a preference for idleness, and an affinity for horse flesh, his recorded words and deeds — save one — might be those not of a thousand, but a million American boys. He repeated "a noun is the name of a thing . . . until I had come

to believe it," so he says himself. "When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. . . . When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses. . . . While still quite young, I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times alone. . . . I did not like to work; but I did as much of it while young as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the same time. . . . The rod was freely used there, and I was not exempt from its influence." This steadfast, manly, not bright boy had quiet grey-blue eyes, a strong, straight nose, straight brown hair, and a bulky build. His understanding of horses, and the manner in which he was successfully trusted with them on overnight journeys while still a child, bear witness to the tough fibre of responsibility and courage in him. Nor

was he pugnacious, but rather the reverse; and this, too, helps a portrait of the boy from which the features of the man seem a natural, slow development. It would be strangely inconsistent to find in Grant's adolescence any signs of precocity, such as mark, for example, the early years of Webster, another rustic boy with very similar antecedents. For intellect was Webster's gift, while character was Grant's; and character finds no outward expression save in life's chances. Napoleon owes his fame to himself, but Wellington owes his fame to Napoleon; and, save for the Civil War, Grant's force would have slumbered in him from the cradle to the grave.

Here is the single prophetic incident. It has been told in many ways; and his own is the best, as usual: —

"There was a Mr. Ralston . . . who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I

was so anxious to have the colt that . . . my father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price. If it was not accepted, I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and, if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse, and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him, Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but, if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half; and, if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five."

He was eight when this happened; and when, after all his vicissitudes, he came to die, the same native candour and guilelessness, like truth at the well's bottom, shone unclouded in his heart. No experience of deceit seems to have cured him of this inveterate simplicity or warned him that others did not possess it. "Grant believes every one as honest as himself," was said of him dur-

ing later days of struggle. Is it wonderful that he failed in each business venture? When he was elected President, such a combination of firmness and integrity was an outlook which naturally filled the politicians with dismay. They could not foresee that it would prove a door wide open to every dollar which they plotted to steal. When not far from his end, he was asked if such and such a thing had not distressed him, and replied, "No, nothing but being deceived in people." And this sorrowful thought haunts the preface to his memoirs. Yes, that old horse story is an omen. It raises laughter, to be sure; but change the figure of farmer Ralston, getting his undue price through the boy's guilelessness, into Belknap of the Fort Sill and national cemetery scandals, into Babcock of the whiskey ring, into Jay Gould of Black Friday, into Ferdinand Ward, the final thief who crossed Grant's credulous path, and the old horse story grows less mirthful.

His bringing up was evidently strict. Both his talk and life were pure. He seems to have got on without swearing, even in battle,—as extreme a sign of calm force as can be imagined. Even Washington broke out at Monmouth Court-house. Grant's one weakness, drinking, has therefore been the more conspicuous. But in these early days at Georgetown, Ohio (where the family moved soon after his birth), he seems to have been soberer than many in that region. As for an army career, not only had it never entered his head to be a soldier, but he was averse to the notion when suggested to him by his father. "A permanent position in some respectable college," he writes, was his hope, even after entering West Point. "I had no intention of remaining in the army." Indeed, in closely studying Grant's temperament, it almost seems as if he were not, in the last analysis, a soldier, but a patriot compelled to fight.

Like poets, the world's great captains are born, not made. The art of war, war for war's sake, struck no spark in Grant. But he brought to its practice a sagacity and a grip of such dimensions as (after some experience) to serve as the equivalents of genius and instruction. This is sometimes cited to point the demagogic moral that education is "un-American." Ben Butler in his book says: "Grant evidently did not get enough of West Point in him to hurt him any. . . . All the graduates in the higher ranks in their classes never came to anything." Now Robert E. Lee graduated second. It took four years and some half-dozen generals to beat him. But Butler's book would be a joke, were it not a stench.

When Grant was near seventeen he told his father that he would never do a day's work at tanning after twenty-one. The sensible Jesse saw no success for him there, if his heart was not in it, and,

asking what would he like, was told farming or trading or to get an education. He had no farm to give his son nor money to send him to college, and but a poor opinion of a trader's life on the Mississippi. But West Point offered free education and subsequent honourable service. The father settled the question ; and this is the son's account of it: "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment.— What appointment? I inquired.— To West Point. I have applied for it.— But I won't go, I said. He said he thought I would ; *and I thought so, too, if he did.*" The Italics are Grant's own, and he seldom uses them. Since his career is offered as an inspiration to American youth, it is a pity that his bringing up so rarely serves as a model for American parents. A sound, sturdy wholesomeness in both father and mother is the assisting cause of most that was admirable in their son. They made no grief over saying good-by.

But across the street a friend and her daughter did; and the boy exclaimed, "Why, you must be sorry I am going. They didn't cry at our house." At that house, however, during a period of the Mexican War when the absent son could not write home, the mother's hair grew grey.

Local opinion of Congressman Hamer's choice was not flattering. "I am astonished that he did not appoint some one with intellect enough to be a credit to the district," said a neighbour to the cadet's father; and no special achievement during those four years of study contradicts this view. The boy graduated twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, good in mathematics and excellent in horsemanship. But — and here again is the dimly felt moral fibre — he was often umpire in disputes; and he was greatly liked by his friends, who called him Uncle Sam. "Indeed, he was a very uncle-like sort of a youth," writes

a comrade, Henry Coppée. "His picture rises before me . . . in the old torn coat, obsolescent leather gig-top, loose riding pantaloons, with spurs buckled over them, going with his clanking sabre to the drill-hall. He exhibited but little enthusiasm in anything." Here is testimony to that mental indolence, or torpor, which pervaded his nature; and he gives more himself. "I rarely read over a lesson the second time. . . . I read all of Bulwer's, . . . Cooper's, Marryat's, Scott's, Washington Irving's works, Lever's, and many others that I do not now remember." His letters home show an appreciation of natural scenery, and this he seems always to have had.

During his furlough at home after two years at the Academy it is narrated by Richardson that, "in accordance with an agreement between himself and classmates to abstain from liquor for a year, he steadily refused to drink with his old friends. The object of the cadets was to

strengthen, by their example, one of their number who was falling into bad habits." It has never been narrated that C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, sent for the boy once when he was in danger of being dismissed, and told him that he was capable of better things. The words that passed on this occasion have died with the two that spoke them; but Grant loved and honoured Smith with a special feeling, and a great deal lies behind the short sentence in the second chapter of the memoirs. So West Point bears consistent witness to the good and the bad in Grant. He left it in 1843, wishing naturally to be a dragoon, but was commissioned brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, to which he reported for duty on September 30 at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

IV.

He was twenty-one, and five feet seven inches high, but bulky no longer. A threatening cough had reduced him to one hundred and seventeen pounds,—his weight four years earlier, though he had grown six inches. For a time his hours were fairly free; and he made the acquaintance of a classmate's sister, Miss Julia Dent, living in the neighbourhood. When Texas and Mexican affairs called his regiment to Louisiana in the following May, he found that he regarded Miss Dent as more than an acquaintance; and they became engaged. Before the end of the month he was in camp near the Red River on high ground, so healthy that they named it Camp Salubrity; and presently he was cured of his cough, and developed a reddish beard that is described as being much too long for such a youth. General Richard Taylor, of the Confederacy,

remembers him at this time as "a modest, amiable, but by no means promising lieutenant in a marching regiment." But Taylor could scarcely have held this estimate after Molino-del-Rey and Chapultepec. In the months of peace preceding, whether in Louisiana or at Corpus Christi, Grant's thoughts still saw the goal of a professorship; nor was his heart in the Mexican War, when it came. He pronounces it "unholy," and he writes: "The Southern Rebellion was largely the outgrowth of the Mexican War. Nations, like individuals, are punished for their transgressions." This forty years' retrospect is consistent with his letter after Cerro Gordo: "You say you would like to hear more about the war. . . . Tell them I am heartily tired of the wars."

On the intellectual side, his letters read stark and bald as time-tables. Mexico, Cortez, Montezuma, are nothing to him. But his constant love of

nature leads him to remark and count the strange birds of the country; and he speaks of the beauty of the mountain sides covered with palms which "toss to and fro in the wind like plumes in a helmet." This poetical note rings so strangely in the midst of his even, matter-of-fact words that one wonders, did he not hear some one else say it, and adopt it because he thought it good? It was his habit to do this. It is thus that many years later the famous "bottling up" of Butler came to be so described.

Yet, though his heart was not in this war, he shone in its battles. He was in all fights that he could be in, and in several that he need not have been in. For after the capture of Vera Cruz he was appointed regimental quartermaster; and this position puts an officer in charge of the trains, and furnishes him with a valid reason for staying behind with them. Grant never did, however,

but was always in the thick of the action. He was commended in reports, brevetted first lieutenant for distinguished service at Molino-del-Rey (but deaths in that battle brought him full first lieutenancy), and for "acquitting himself most nobly" at Chapultepec he received the brevet of captain. Yet these honours do not show him so much out of the common as what quietly happened between him and General Worth at San Cosme. He had found a belfry which commanded an important position of the enemy; and to the top of this he, with a few men, had managed to get a mountain howitzer. Presently General Worth observed, and sent a staff officer for him — Pemberton, of Vicksburg. Worth "expressed his gratification at the services the howitzer in the church steeple was doing, . . . and ordered a captain of voltigeurs to report to me with another howitzer. . . . I could not tell the general that there

was not room enough in the steeple for another gun, because he probably would have looked upon such a statement as a contradiction from a second lieutenant. I took the captain with me, but did not use the gun." Here in his prompt and perfect sagacity stands the future Grant quite plain.

Thus ends this chapter of his life, and in it he may be said to have hit the mark. His careless dress and modesty had not entirely hidden the man beneath them. And now follows a darkening time, in which he misses the mark altogether. War had forced him to exert himself. When war stopped, he stopped also. His ease-loving nature furnished no inward ambition to keep him going; and so, in the dead calm of a frontier post, he degenerated. This drifting and stagnation filled thirteen years, but is not long to tell.

In July, 1848, he left Mexico for Mississippi with his regiment. He was a

brevet captain, and twenty-six years old. In August he was married. As quartermaster, the regiment's new headquarters at Detroit should have been his post that winter; but a brother officer, ordered to Sackett's Harbor, preferred the gayety of Detroit, and managed — one sees the thing to-day often enough — to have Grant sent to Sackett's Harbor, and himself made acting quartermaster at Detroit. This meanness was righted by General Scott in the spring; and in later days Grant, having the chance to even things with the brother officer, did not take it, but stood his friend. In June, 1851, Sackett's Harbor became regimental headquarters; and Grant was there for twelve months, when he was ordered to the Pacific by way of the Isthmus. On account of her health, Mrs. Grant did not go with him. He passed the next year on the Columbia River, at what is now Fort Vancouver, where he was both post

and regimental quartermaster. One last year he spent as captain of F Company, Fourth Infantry, at Humboldt Bay. Then he left the army, resigning July 31, 1854.

Such were his moves and removes. Of his doings the tale is equally brief. He was known for his exploits with horses. Otherwise he was unknown save to the very few brought by chance or duty into familiarity with him. To provincial blood and environment he added an extraordinary personal powerlessness to express himself or go through his manners. In fact, he had no manners, which is far better than having bad ones, to be sure; and a certain something in him seems to have held even the most familiar at a distance. But even Georgetown and Galena found him wanting; and this social dumbness did not wholly wear off until he had been twice President and had travelled round the world.

Either great strain or great ennui may drive a strong, resourceless man to drink; and both at different times visited Grant, and overcame him. It has been plainly written, but is seldom remembered, that his head in these days was singularly light: a strange thing in such a temperament, but well authenticated. Very little was too much for him. Never to touch liquor was his only safety.

How he left the army is conflictingly told. He could scarcely be expected to explain it himself. It is only the Franklins and the Rousseaus who can be as impersonally candid as that. Richardson's version closely tallies with what is still reported on the coast. Grant's commandant asked for his resignation, which was not to be forwarded to Washington, but held in escrow, so to speak, that he might pull himself together. He could not, and the plain truth is that he drank himself out of the army.

He departed into an era that was to be one of deepening gloom, remarking, "Whoever hears of me in ten years will hear of a well-to-do old Missouri farmer." Expecting money at San Francisco, he did not get it. Sixteen hundred dollars were also owed him by the post-trader at Vancouver. He saw the man again, but the dollars never. The chief quartermaster of the coast found him penniless and forlorn, and helped him to go East. In New York he was generously helped by Buckner, who had ascended Popocatapetl with him. In the autumn he is seen working as a labourer on his father-in-law's farm near St. Louis. With his own hands he builds a cabin on some of this land, and names it "Hardscrabble." It is recorded that every animal about his farm was a pet. In 1858 he sold his farm at auction. He went into real estate, and next into the custom-house, and was even an auctioneer, it is said. Some-

times army friends came to visit him, for he retained their regard; and, with overalls tucked in his boots, he would dine with them at the Planter's House. Personally lonely, he was also out of sympathy with St. Louis politics; and although the events of the world had at length begun to stir his strong brains, and he had opinions, not only about slavery, but also about the Italian war, and studied maps and newspapers minutely, his comments were received with indulgence; for his audience, looking at the man, could scarcely look for wisdom from him.

There came a time when he walked the streets, seeking employment. So painful was it all that those who knew him preferred to cross the street rather than meet him. Can any one gauge the despair of a man who, little as he studied himself, must have known how far below himself he was living?

In March, 1860, Grant went to weigh

leather and buy hides for his father's branch store in Galena. He was paid six hundred dollars at first, and later eight hundred. But this did not support his wife and four children. He went to the war in debt, which he paid from his first military savings. In 1866 he refused his inheritance, saying that he had helped to make none of his father's wealth. This must be remembered in considering Grant's acceptance of presents in acknowledgment of his military services.

The year at Galena was more than ever isolated. His quiet judgment, however, seems to have been wide-awake. He went to hear Douglas during the campaign of this year, and, being asked how he liked him, answered, "He is a very able, at least a very smart man." And from having been a Democrat — so far as he was definitely anything political — his change of view dates from this occasion. The words

of Douglas caused him to rejoice over Lincoln's election. Except his vote for Buchanan, his single political manifestation previous to this had been to join the Know-Nothings at St. Louis, and attend one meeting. But now he had listened to Douglas, and preferred Lincoln; and South Carolina had seceded. The state of the country became his one thought. It is interesting to reflect that South Carolina, the first state to leave the Union, sent one man in thirty-eight to the Revolution, while Grant's ancestral state, Connecticut, furnished one man in seven, or five times as many. Virginia furnished one in twenty-eight.

V.

On Friday, April 12, 1861, news reached Galena that South Carolina had fired upon Fort Sumter. On Monday came tidings of its capture. On Tuesday there was a town meeting, with a slippery mayor. But two spirits of a different quality spoke out. Washburne said, "Any man who will try to stir party prejudices at such a time as this is a traitor." Rawlins ended his fervent speech, "We will stand by the flag of our country, and appeal to the God of battles." These two names must always be joined with Grant's fortunes; and this was the first night of their common cause. Washburne in Congress became Grant's good angel against the public, and Rawlins in Grant's tent was his good angel against temptation — John A. Rawlins, farmer, charcoal-burner, self-educated lawyer, "swarthy, rough-hewn, passionate," as

Mr. Garland writes of him. In later years Grant said, "I always disliked to hear anybody swear except Rawlins." It was over Grant's whiskey that many of these oaths were raised; and, though we have heard much about the glasses which he drank, we shall never know the tale of those which he escaped drinking, thanks to his friend. Grant kept Rawlins close to him throughout the war, and after it as long as he lived. His loss was sorrowful and irreparable.

At the end of the town meeting, Grant told his brother that he thought he ought to go into the service. On Thursday he found himself chairman of a meeting to raise volunteers. After his first few words of embarrassment, he made himself plain enough. Though an Abolitionist by no means, he says in a letter to his father-in-law at this time, "In all this I can see but the doom of slavery." Believing he could better serve his state at Springfield, he de-

clined the captaincy of a volunteer company, but helped them form and drill, and went with them to Springfield on the same train. But, though Washburne's belief in him was already considerable, his influence for a while wrought nothing in the chaos of intrigues and appointments. As the French Colonel Szabad vividly describes this period in our country: "Never were commanders of such high rank created with more rapidity and less discernment. Those who had some knowledge of the art of war, as well as those who were ignorant of its first principles, well-educated and intelligent men, together with men totally illiterate and vulgar, all received their stars with an equal facility; and all alike believed themselves capable of leading to victory." Nor is this a supercilious European view. When the baggage animals were starving at Chattanooga, Lincoln complained, "I can make a brigadier-

general any day I like, but these mules cost $150 apiece.'' In the vast shuffle and ferment, then, how should poor, silent, unshowy Grant not be lost? The marvel is that he was found so soon. It all seems as casual as fate. Tired of waiting, though Washburne counselled patience, he was about to return to Galena, when he was taken into the adjutant-general's office; and for a while he sat in a corner, filling blanks with such ease and naturalness that nobody noticed it was well done. Next he was sent for a few days to Camp Yates while the commandant was absent. Force was felt in him here; and he was one of the five officers appointed to muster in ten regiments at Mattoon. It was called Camp Grant. But none of this led to anything. He wrote to his father, "I might have got the colonelcy of a regiment possibly; but I was perfectly sick of the political wire-pulling for all these commissions, and would not engage in it."

While mustering, he had a few idle days to wait, and, finding himself near St. Louis, waited there. The town was a pot of conspiracy. Claiborne Jackson, the governor, with a Union mask on, was stealing troops and arms for Secession. Francis Blair and Nathaniel Lyon, two most competent patriots, watched him through his mask. At the right moment they captured his entire camp. A rebel flag which had been flying in St. Louis then came down to stay down. Grant looked on at this, and presently, entering a street-car, was addressed by a youth in words that may be dwelt upon. The mouth of Ireland never uttered a bull more perfect. Secession never drew its own portrait with a straighter stroke. The profound self-contradiction between the youth's two sentences has placed him in history. "Things have come to a damned pretty pass," said he, "when a free people can't choose their own flag. Where I

came from, if a man dares to say a word in favour of the Union, we hang him to a limb of the first tree we come to." In Grant's reply the spirit of the Union is likewise drawn: "After all, we are not so intolerant in St. Louis as we might be. I have not seen a single rebel hung yet, nor heard of one. There are plenty of them who ought to be, however."

He next wrote from home to Washington offering his services, and with some hesitation saying that he felt himself competent to command a regiment. No answer came. He went to Cincinnati to see General McClellan, but, failing twice, gave this up too. Of his enforced idleness he writes May 30, "During the six days I have been at home I have felt all the time as if a duty was being neglected that was paramount to any other duty I ever owed." But now the troops of the Twenty-first Illinois had become insubordinate. It was

a regiment which he had mustered at Mattoon; and it would appear that the officers, dissatisfied with their colonel, had spoken to the governor of Grant. The governor seems to have been puzzled. Meeting a book-keeper from the Galena store, he said: "What kind of a man is this Captain Grant? . . . He . . . declined my offer to recommend him to Washington for a brigadier-generalship, saying he didn't want office till he had earned it." And the book-keeper replied, "Ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty." On the day when, through a friend's offices, Grant had received the commission of colonel of an Ohio regiment, Governor Yates telegraphed him his appointment as colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois; and this he chose, and went to Springfield.

There is a story that he was introduced to his command by two orators, who both burst into eloquence and rhapsodised for some time. His turn came,

and much was expected from him; but his speech was this: "Men, go to your quarters." They presently discovered that they had a colonel, although the colonel had no uniform, being obliged to go home and borrow three hundred dollars to buy him horse and equipments.

This regiment had volunteered for thirty days; but, after listening to McClernand's and Logan's patriotic addresses, Grant relates that they entered the United States service almost to a man. He does not say that a month later, in Missouri, when these same men whom he had severely disciplined heard that he was likely to be promoted, they requested to be attached to his command. He wrote his father this; but he adds that he does not wish it read to the others, "for I very much dislike speaking of myself."

His men did not know his feelings as he drew near what he thought was to be his first engagement. He writes: "As

we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we would see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat; . . . but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. . . . From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. . . . The lesson was valuable."

Not much happened to Grant in Missouri; and he took occasion to rub up his tactics. "I do not believe," he says, "that the officers of the regiment ever discovered that I had never studied the tactics that I used." Very likely the officers did not; but at Shiloh the enemy discovered that no earthworks had been thrown up. Somewhat

later than this Missouri time a young associate of Grant's, who perhaps plumed himself a little upon his military reading, asked the general something about Jomini's book. Grant replied, with a tinge of impatience, that he had read Jomini without much attention; and then he added: "The art of war is simple enough. Find out where your enemy is. Get at him as soon as you can. Strike at him as hard as you can and as often as you can, and keep moving on." In this compact summary speaks the master mind. But the enemy got at Grant at Shiloh, and a little Jomini would have helped there. Before the battle of the Wilderness he is said to have exclaimed to Meade, "Oh, I never manœuvre!" And it is said that his library contained not a single military work. Grant's master mind undoubtedly did learn as he went on; but, if books had taught him more of the experience of the world's generals, he

would not have had to acquire so much himself at the cost of thousands of lives. Sherman's own letter to Grant, March 10, 1864, hints this, but with the indulgent voice of friendship: "My only points of doubt were as to your knowledge of grand strategy and of books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all this." There seems no doubt that Grant possessed grand strategy — and none that his tactics remained weak to the end.

Common sense, indeed, was his great weapon; and with this finally came the power of grasping a vast conflict of simultaneous facts, and instantly forming the right judgment of what he must do. Those who saw him for the first time must have been amazed to learn the story of the thirteen torpid years. He supervised the rations, the equipment, the transportation. There was not a material need or detail that he did not thoroughly foresee and attend to. An

officer serving under him wrote back to Galena, "This man is the pure gold." As the stress of experience and responsibility roused him more and more, his brain took in his command like a great multiplication table. From the efficiency of the private as a unit, how much he must eat, how far he could march, what load he could carry, he reckoned and combined, and so knew what aggressive strength he had or should want at any given time, expressed so to speak in foot-pounds of soldiers. Upon this material side the Mexican War was a great help to him; and upon quite another side he has the following to say: "All the older officers, who became conspicuous in the Rebellion, I had also served with and known in Mexico. . . . The acquaintance thus formed was of immense service to me in the War of the Rebellion,—I mean what I learned of the characters of those to whom I was afterwards opposed. . . . The natural disposition of

most people is to clothe a commander of a large army, whom they do not know, with almost superhuman abilities. A large part of the National Army, for instance, and most of the press of the country, clothed General Lee with just such qualities; but I had known him personally, and knew that he was mortal, and it was just as well that I felt this." At this early time, however, Grant thought the war would be of short duration; and Lee was a long way from his presentiments.

On August 7, 1861, while still in south-eastern Missouri, he was made brigadier-general, to his own great surprise. Of his methods of discipline soon after this appointment a singular story is told. The command was marching, and food was scarce. A lieutenant with an advance-guard reached a farm-house, and, upon informing its mistress that he was General Grant and was hungry, received a precipitate and copious meal,

and went on much comforted. Presently Grant himself rode to the same door, and asked for food. "General Grant has just left here," he was told, "and has eaten everything." "Umph," said Grant, "everything?" A pie did remain; and for this the general gave the woman fifty cents, requesting her to keep it until called for. Riding on to camp, he ordered grand parade at once; and to the astonished assembly the acting assistant adjutant-general read the following order: "Lieutenant W. of the Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant W. is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry, and eat that pie also." Whether authentic or not, the story is very like Grant in several ways. The lieutenant could have been with propriety severely

punished for personating his commander. This method, however, achieved its purpose thoroughly. On the other hand, it may be doubted if General Lee would have chosen it. There is great difference between native refinement, which Grant had, and good taste, which he had not.

Insubordination, however, whether in men or officers, was neither the only nor the chief trouble which met the new brigadier-general. It was something, moreover, with which he could cope so well that he was steadily gaining, not only the obedience, but the regard of his command. Another thing there was against which he was quite powerless. His wary quartermasterly eye watched a ring of contractors in St. Louis too closely for their convenience. They could do what they liked with the futile Frémont, now in command of the department; but Grant spoiled their plans, and they accordingly revived the story of his drinking. By order of his

surgeon he had taken some whiskey; and that was the whole of it. But it was enough. General Prentiss, a little jealous about rank, departed from Grant's jurisdiction, saying, "I will not serve under a drunkard." The slander reached Washburne through the newspapers; and he, his faith in Grant already great, but not yet impregnable as it soon became, wrote to Rawlins. Rawlins answered, explaining that the surgeon had prescribed whiskey for an attack of ague, and added that, much as he loved Grant, he loved his country more, and if at any time, from any cause, he should see his chief unfit for the position he occupied, he should deem it his duty to report the fact at once. "Before mailing the letter," continues Richardson, "he handed it to Grant. The general, who had suffered keenly from these reports, read it with much feeling, and said emphatically: Yes, that's right,—exactly right. Send it by all means."

It is a creditable story to every one except Prentiss and the contractors; and it reveals Rawlins in a bright light. No wonder Grant let him swear whenever he wanted.

For a little while Grant was ordered about hither and thither in Missouri; but there is nothing decisive to record until, soon after being assigned the command of the district of South-east Missouri, he took up his headquarters at Cairo on September 4.

Here he stands upon the threshold of his fame. So unpretending a figure does he make that a first sight of him perplexes and discourages each newcomer. Twelve weeks ago he had been nothing. Then he was made a colonel. Now he was a brigadier-general of volunteers. One summer had done this; but it had done as much for half a hundred others. So here was quite a large company with even chances. But chance and the man are rare comrades.

Like many, he had expected this war to be a smaller thing than our campaign in Mexico. That was twenty-six months; its losses, about a thousand lives a month; its cost, one hundred and sixty million. The Rebellion lasted forty-eight months. It was a battle-ground somewhat larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal put together. There were eighteen hundred and eighty-two fights where at least one regiment was engaged, and certain battles where some hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged. The losses in its four years come to seven hundred lives a day. The cost of it was three billion four hundred million, or about two and a half million dollars a day. Mr. Saintsbury, the eminent English critic, has called this a "parochial disturbance." Wolseley, the conspicuous English general, has said that an army of fifty thousand trained soldiers could have ended the matter in

six months. But this military man, at that time, had not suppressed the Boers. Such utterances are, of course, merely the voice of English petulance that our house, when divided against itself, did not fall. United, we were a disagreeable competitor for England. Moreover, the Union's triumph might affect England's getting Southern cotton, it was feared; and in Lord Russell's evasions over the Declaration of Paris, and in the sailing of the *Alabama*, and in the welcome which London gave Benjamin (of Davis's cabinet) when he came there to live after the war, England's hostile undertone to the Union speaks out plainly. We had friends there: the Prince Consort, and through him the Queen; John Bright and the Manchester men. But the rank and file of the aristocracy were full of virtuous rage at our presuming to be a great nation.

No more than Grant does Jefferson Davis seem to have looked for a grave

struggle. He and the few leaders, who took the South into Secession, managed to make it believe that "one Southerner was equal to five Yankees." And Davis made a speech in which he announced that he was ready to "drink every drop of blood shed south of Mason and Dixon's line." This line across our country was quite seriously thought by Secessionists to divide all Americans geographically into heroes and cowards. This tribal mania was very naturally heightened by the performances of Generals Butler and Schenck and the rout of Bull Run. In the East the Union cause looked dark enough, when light unexpectedly came from the West. General Grant stands the central figure in that light.

To follow him, a survey of the country must be taken. Through the gallant Lyon and Blair and Curtis and Pope, Secession presently lost Missouri. This made safe Illinois across the river; for

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all east from there was Union to the Atlantic. But just south came doubtful Kentucky, and south of that was Confederate Tennessee; and from there to the Gulf and east and west was all Secession. Kentucky, then, was the first point; after that, the great river, the highway whose gates were closed, and which ran between the banks of Secession all the way to New Orleans and the Gulf. Now Kentucky, like Missouri, had loyal citizens, but a Secession governor; and it was the part of the South to secure this state, if possible. But no sooner did General Polk with that aim move upon Columbus on the river, thus threatening Cairo, than Grant secured Cairo himself. The Mississippi was closed from Columbus down. If Polk should get Paducah, the Ohio would be locked up too. Grant saw this, and, telegraphing the futile Frémont, "I am nearly ready to go to Paducah, and shall start, should not a telegram arrive pre-

venting the movement," waited till night, and went. He took Paducah without firing a gun. Through his prompt sagacity the Ohio was locked against Polk. He now wanted to "keep moving," according to his view of war; but Frémont could not see that Columbus should be taken, and Polk was allowed to fortify there and to send some forces against a Union command in Missouri. On November 5, Grant wrote to C. F. Smith, who was holding the mouth of the Cumberland, "The principal point to gain is to prevent the enemy from sending a force in the rear of those now out of his command." Accordingly, two days after Grant steamed down the river in the morning upon Belmont on the west bank, and retreated up the river again in the evening. He had surprised and destroyed the enemy's camp; but Polk crossed with re-enforcements from Columbus, and, regaining the field, drove him from it with a loss of five hundred

men. Grant was the last on the transport, riding his horse aboard on a plank pushed out for him. In his plain dress, he looked like a private. "There's a Yankee, if you want a shot," said Polk to his men; but they, busy firing at the crowded boats, thought one shabby soldier too poor a mark. Belmont was a defeat, but one of those which are successes, just as there are victories which are failures. It accomplished its object. Polk did not send the troops into Missouri, as he intended: he kept them at hand against further surprises.

Secession's frontier at this time was a slight curve from Columbus eastward and up to Bowling Green, then down to Cumberland Gap. It thus lapped over a little from Tennessee into Kentucky. Its weak point was the hole made in it by two rivers, the Tennessee and Cumberland, crossing it twelve miles apart. Two forts barred these precious highways — Henry and Donelson. If these

two gates were knocked down, the Union had a clear road to the heart of the South; for, by the Tennessee, troops could travel into Alabama, and be fed also. Thus Secession's frontier could be pushed back; and, as it receded down along the bank of the Mississippi, that highway almost inevitably must open. This was clear to many eyes, but to McClellan's it was not visible. This general-in-chief could see nothing beyond his own movements. At St. Louis, Frémont had been succeeded by a person equally incapable. General Halleck was the sort of learned soldier who brings learning into contempt. He was full of Jomini and empty of all power to master a situation. On him Grant, like others, urged the value of striking Forts Henry and Donelson. But Halleck, whether under McClellan's influence or for other reasons, snubbed him; and so for a while the matter rested. At length, however, after General Thomas near Cumberland

Gap had knocked the east end of Secession's frontier southward, and consequently threatened its middle at Bowling Green, Halleck, relinquishing his notion that sixty thousand men were necessary, let Grant go with seventeen thousand, and seven gunboats under Commodore Foote. This was February 2. In four days, Grant had Fort Henry. In ten more, Fort Donelson and the gates to the rivers were open. Secession's frontier was crashed through from Columbus to Cumberland Gap, and shrank many miles southward. It was quick and final; and Grant had thought of it, and done it. He was indebted to nobody. His own letter about it, written to Washburne a month later, is like him: "I see the credit of attacking the enemy by the way of the Tennessee and Cumberland is variously attributed. *It is little* to talk about it being the great wisdom of any general. . . . General Halleck no doubt thought of this route long ago, and I am sure I did."

Let it be said that Grant's adversaries helped him greatly. In dividing his thirty thousand men and sending but sixteen thousand to Donelson, Sidney Johnston made a perilous error. In giving the command to Floyd and Pillow, he made the error worse. Grant knew them. He struck, and won. They deserted, leaving Buckner to conduct the surrender. The news to the Union was a breath of health after jaded months of sickness. Grant's words, "I propose to move immediately upon your works," and "unconditional surrender," were like a backbone appearing in something that had begun to look like a jelly-fish. He was now made major-general of volunteers.

This battle, like all his others, has been proved a mere bungle by hostile critics. The spirit of these gentlemen can be given to the reader in a word. One of them, after exposing Grant's tactics, exposes his English. "I pro-

pose to move immediately upon your works," would be grammar, he says, if "immediately" had come at the end.

But now Grant was suddenly relieved of command, and put in arrest! Halleck had not heard from him; and Halleck had heard of his leaving his post and going to Nashville. Grant's enemies, the contractors, had not enjoyed his recent suggestion to Halleck that "all fraudulent contractors be impressed into the ranks, or, still better, into the gunboat service, where they could have no chance of deserting." They therefore had surrounded Halleck with rumours, entirely false, of Grant's drinking. Halleck had had a spy watching Grant's habits in a little house that was his headquarters before the surrender. He now, never waiting to learn the cause of Grant's silence (which was due to interrupted communications) or Grant's reason for going to Nashville (which was to confer with Buell, who had occupied

that town), petulantly complained to Washington. It was set right in nine days; but Halleck was afraid to let Grant know the hand he had in it. Grant never vouchsafed a syllable to the world's injurious assaults upon him at this hour or at any other of his life. But in a letter to Washburne he gives us a glimpse into his silent soul. "There are some things which I wish to say to you in my own vindication, not that I care a straw for what is said individually, but because you have taken so much interest in my welfare." And one evening during the nine days' humiliation, a sword was presented to him by some officers. After their speech and departure, he stood looking at the gift in silence where it lay before him on the table of the gunboat cabin. Suddenly pushing it from him, he exclaimed, "I shall never wear a sword again!" and turned away. Only one or two witnessed this breaking of the

real man from the depths of his grief. And generally he managed to keep a face like stone; but, upon the occasion when he learned of his friend McPherson's death, he went into his tent, and wept like a child.

At this time he walked in intimate silence with C. F. Smith, his West Point commandant, and his temporary superior now; and those who saw them say that Grant's manner to Smith was something of an old pupil's respect and something of a plain man's admiration for his more polished and splendid friend, while Smith, on his side, treated Grant as a creature whose larger dimensions he felt and bowed to. Some further pictures of Grant at Donelson show several sides of the man. On the eve of the surrender, Pillow had made a desperate sortie while Grant was conferring with Foote on his gunboat. For a while it was a bad business; and when Grant returned, he flushed at the havoc made in

his absence: his reputation was at stake. He gathered the fragments, and before evening knew he was master by a shrewd inference which has become historic. The enemy's haversacks held three days' rations. Others saw in this a preparation for a three days' fight; but Grant knew it meant, not fight, but flight. He saw that next morning would give him Donelson. He wrote to Halleck, "They will surrender to-morrow," and, when asked if this was not a premature message, referred to the haversacks as the basis of his conviction.

When the surrender was arranged, one of the young men — the one who had spoken of Jomini — hoped that they would have the picturesque formalities of such occasions, the lowered flags and so forth. But Grant said, emphatically, no. "Why humiliate a brave enemy?" he inquired. "We've got them. That is all we want." When the crestfallen Buckner capitulated, and Grant found

him penniless in the forlorn place, he remembered Buckner's friendly help when he had been penniless in New York. "He left the officers of his own army" (says Buckner in a speech long afterward), "and followed me, with that modest manner peculiar to himself, into the shadow, and there tendered me his purse. It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that in the modesty of his nature he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity, and sought to hide it from the world. We can appreciate that, sir." Indeed, we can; and we can appreciate Buckner's own warm heart whenever history gives us a glimpse of it. When Grant was bidding this world good-by in patience and suffering, Buckner was one of the last to visit him, and take his hand.

The pen would linger over Donelson; over Smith's gallantry that saved the day on the 15th, and his delightful address to the Iowa volunteers; over McClernand's

good fighting, and over Foote and his gunboats. About the navy, indeed, a word must be said. From Fort Henry, which it took unaided, to the day when Vicksburg fell and the great river "rolled unvexed to the sea," the navy was not only illustrious and invaluable, but also it made fewer mistakes than the army. The names of Foote, Porter, Davis, and Farragut (let Ellett's be added too) must be spoken together with those of the land soldiers. As some one has happily said, the army and the navy were the two shears of the scissors.

From Donelson, Grant stepped into a broadening labyrinth of action. He wished at once to strike Polk at Columbus. Halleck prescribed caution; and Polk, unhindered, escaped south to Corinth, where under Sidney Johnston the South was massing all the strength it could bring. Columbus fell to the Union; and New Madrid and Island No. 10, the next two barriers down the

river, were broken by Pope and Foote in March and April. On land it grew plain that somewhere about Corinth the armies must try a big conclusion. This happened not as Grant expected. Restored to command, he had rejoined the army up the Tennessee River, and had approved — wisely, according to many good opinions — the position at Pittsburg Landing in the enemy's country, selected by C. F. Smith. But he looked for no battle just here. And here Sidney Johnston surprised him. On Sunday and Monday, April 6 and 7, was fought the battle of Shiloh, Buell arriving in time to re-enforce Grant for Monday's fight. The words of Buell are the words of an imbittered rival; but they tell the unanswerable truth.

"An army comprising seventy regiments of infantry, twenty battalions of artillery, and a sufficiency of cavalry, lay for two weeks and more in isolated camps, with a river in its rear and a hostile army

claimed to be superior in numbers twenty miles distant in its front, while the commander made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. It had no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no outposts, properly speaking, to give warning or check the advance of an enemy, and no recognised head during the absence of the regular commander. On a Sunday the hostile force arrived and formed in order of battle, without detection or hindrance, within a mile and a half of the unguarded army, advanced upon it the next morning, penetrated its disconnected lines. . . . Of Grant himself — is nothing to be said? . . . If he could have done anything in the beginning, he was not on the ground in time. . . . But he was one of the many there who would have resisted while resistance could avail. That is all that can be said, but it is an honourable record." A severe judgment,

which controversy sustains and history will affirm. Inexperience is the honest explanation.

Grant's fame is not helped by covering Shiloh, and Grant's fame can stand the truth. So also did Napoleon lose touch of his enemy at Marengo through failure to use his cavalry for reconnoitring. He went to sleep expecting no battle in the morning; and in the morning he was surprised and defeated by Melas, as Johnston surprised and defeated Grant. Re-enforced by Desaix's return in the afternoon, he recovered himself, as Grant, re-enforced by Buell, recovered himself on the second day. The Union lost some thirteen thousand men, the South eleven thousand,—and understood thereafter that all American blood was equally gallant, whether Northern or Southern.

Grant made another mistake here; and his reasons for not pursuing the enemy (who had lost Sidney Johnston

the first day) are not convincing. Mr. John Fiske, quoting Sherman's remark about it to himself, gives the human clew to this bad military error: "I assure you, my dear fellow, we had had quite enough of their society for two whole days, and were only too glad to get rid of them on any terms." The writer has heard this same explanation from another soldier.

So the enemy, now under Beauregard, fell back to Corinth, and with needless and pompous caution was driven from there by the learned Halleck after some weeks. For the learned Halleck came down now, and took command personally; and Grant was again under a cloud, a mere onlooker with the sterile position of second in command. Again, as always, he answered no word to the furious storm of abuse which the country let loose upon him. To Washburne he wrote: "I would scorn being my own defender . . . except through the

record . . . of all my official acts. . . . To say that I have not been distressed . . . would be false. . . . One thing I will assure you of, however: I cannot be driven from rendering the best service within my ability to suppress the present rebellion." And to his father he wrote: "You must not expect me to write in my own defence, nor to permit it from any one about me. I know that the feeling of the troops under my command is favourable to me; and, so long as I continue to do my duty faithfully, it will remain so. I require no defenders." Nevertheless, his spirit was near being broken. He had nothing given him to do. He was in a sort of disgrace. There seemed no outlook. Halleck had removed his willing hand from the plough. At Corinth he had applied for a thirty days' leave, when Sherman, his good friend, suspected that all was not well with him. "I inquired for the general," says Sherman, "and was shown

to his tent, where I found him seated on a camp-stool, with papers on a rude camp-table. . . . I inquired if it were true that he was going away. He said, Yes. I then inquired the reason; and he said: Sherman, you know. You know that I am in the way here. I have stood it as long as I can, and can endure it no longer. . . . I then begged him to stay, illustrating his case by my own. Before the battle of Shiloh, I had been cast down by a mere newspaper assertion. . . . He . . . promised to wait. . . . Very soon after this . . . I received a note from him, saying that he . . . would remain." Thus did Sherman at the right time stretch his hand to Grant, and help him rise from Shiloh, and go on to Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Appomattox.

As Donelson, so now Corinth opened more gates down the Mississippi — Fort Pillow and Memphis. Before the first of May. Farragut and Porter had taken

New Orleans. Vicksburg should have followed as naturally as the last brick in a tumbling row. But the learned Halleck was there to save it with his finical and disastrous meddling. He had a hundred thousand men reporting for duty : Beauregard had half that number. He had also the moral impetus of victory, while the South was shaken and disconcerted by Shiloh and Sidney Johnston's death. The very brilliant exploits of Mitchell had opened the way to Chattanooga for him. Mobile and Vicksburg were but feebly protected. Other men had gathered these opportunities, which now slid away like sand through his inanely opened fingers. He sat cautiously down ; sent Buell to repair a railroad, which was promptly torn up ; sent away troops to hold unprofitable points ; refused troops to Farragut, who wished to strike Port Hudson and Vicksburg ; forbade Pope to risk a battle on any consideration ; and crowned his

whole crass performance with the words: "I think the enemy will continue his retreat, which is all I desire." The enemy immediately strengthened Port Hudson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga; and Halleck was made general-in-chief at Washington! To the blunders of this time may be added the vast farce of the legal tender act, when the government, against the soundest advice and warning, declined to borrow money at market prices, because this would be "undignified," and issued instead pieces of paper, which it told the world were worth a dollar, and presently enjoyed the dignity of having the world value at thirty-five cents. There are blunders in 1862 so stultifying as to seem incredible, had we not seen much the same sort of thing since. But we were fighting Americans, not Spaniards, then. Happily, Jefferson Davis made some blunders, too; and thus Grant had only Pemberton, and not Van Dorn,

to fight at Vicksburg, when the time came.

Upon Halleck's promotion, Grant was put in command of the armies of the Mississippi and the Tennessee. The battles of Iuka and Corinth were fought. By November Grant was once again able to go on with his interrupted strategy of flanking the Mississippi. It was not until the following spring that he walked to his goal with a firm step. In the months between he was not only hampered by many external embarrassments, but his own mind had not come to a final clear determination. The jealousy of McClernand, the treachery that lost him his base at Holly Springs, and his own not very sound plan of co-operating with Sherman on the east bank — these among other causes helped his first failure. Then in the winter months his canal-cutting, and various operations upon both sides of the river, were defeated by Nature herself. Perhaps he

should have known that land and water were tangled in such a chaos here that the first chapter of Genesis alone could have straightened them for an army. One sentence from Porter's report of the Yazoo Pass attempt, and what the gunboats had to do in the narrow channels that enmeshed them with vegetation, draws the whole picture of this winter without need of further comment: "I never yet saw vessels so well adapted to knocking down trees, hauling them up by the roots, or demolishing bridges." Yet, perhaps, Grant knew all this very well. His troops were in a wretched watery camp opposite Vicksburg. Disease had heavily visited them. The graves of their late comrades were forever in their sight on the narrow levee. Moreover, the country clamoured for results; and enemies, both military and civil, were pressing Lincoln for Grant's removal. It is recorded that General Thomas arrived at

Porter's headquarters with an order to relieve Grant, if it were necessary. Porter told Thomas that he would be tarred and feathered if his mission became known.

Perhaps Grant dug his canals and cut his trees to give his soldiers less time to think of their hardships, and to make an appearance of activity until the high water should subside and permit real activity. His mind was digging, too, deep into the national situation. In silence and independence it reached its own convictions, and then, attentively listening to contrary opinions, disregarded these and pursued its way. And in everything that Grant did, the admirable navy supported him brilliantly. On April 16 it ran the Vicksburg batteries in an hour and forty minutes. In six days the transports followed; and Vicksburg beheld the army that had been sitting in the mud for so many weeks depart, to return presently on its own side the river with a vengeance.

Grant's arm was at length raised to strike. His first blow glanced at Grand Gulf, the southernmost defence of Vicksburg; but the next day he stood on the east shore, the tall, defended, baffling shore which Secession had called its Gibraltar. To do this, he had had to come down the river to cross at Bruinsburg, some thirty-one miles below Vicksburg. "When this was effected, I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since," he says. "I was on dry ground on the same side of the river with the enemy."

He now manœuvred to deceive Pemberton, and easily did so. On May 1 he won the battle of Port Gibson. He next made his great decision to cut loose from his base of supplies, *and not inform Halleck until it was too late to stop him.* When Sherman with several others strongly protested against this cutting loose from the base of supplies — the triumphant flash of daring and right

judgment which is Grant's highest claim to purely military greatness — the general listened, but went on with his plan. And now, indeed, he raised his arm, and struck. On May 17 he had Pemberton penned in Vicksburg, and a telegram from Halleck ordering him to wait for General Banks! In six days he had won four battles, prevented Johnston's joining Pemberton, and was now surrounding Vicksburg itself. After the bloody frontal attack of the 22d (something he owned in later life to have been a mistake), he settled to a siege. We must remember that Pemberton had made many things easy for him; Pemberton was deceived by his preliminary manœuvres. Pemberton set about cutting him from his base a week after he had no base. Pemberton divided his own strength instead of falling on him with the whole of it, when his was scattered. Pemberton ignored all of Johnston's better recommendations, ending

by refusing the advice to let Vicksburg go, and escape with his army at least. All these follies had been committed by Pemberton; but we must also remember that Grant knew Pemberton was the man to commit them, and fought his campaign accordingly. And so on July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered. Pemberton remained seated with his staff as Grant came up on their veranda. None of them seem to have been of the mettle that loses gracefully; but in the words of a gentleman, the Comte de Paris, "As victory put Grant in a position to be indifferent to this, he affected not to notice it, and, addressing Pemberton, asked him how many rations were needed for his army." Consideration for people in distress was, after the fact of surrender, his first thought here, as it had been at Donelson. And with the same humane watchfulness, when he presently discovered a Mississippi steamboat captain overcharging his men and

officers going home on furlough, he compelled the excess to be refunded. "I will teach them," he said, "that the men who have perilled their lives to open the Mississippi River for their benefit cannot be imposed upon with impunity."

So Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg to Grant in a sulky temper, and proceeded to write articles proving Johnston was to blame. On the day before, the noble and defeated Lee was saying to a Confederate brother, "Never mind, general, all this has been *my* fault: it is *I* that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can." For on the preceding day, July 3, 1863, the Union had won Gettysburg. On this day of Vicksburg's surrender, Lee began his retreat. Had two separate nations been at war, here they would have stopped. But one piece of a nation was trying to separate itself from the rest; and the rest had to follow it,

and wholly crush it. This necessity was clearly seen then by no one so much as by General Grant. Off in the West by himself, his clear, strong mind had grasped it; and every blow he struck was to this end, and every counsel that he gave. The North began to feel this huge force resting for the moment on the banks of the now open Mississippi. It looked away from Virginia, scraped raw with the vain pendulum of advance and retreat, to Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg. Here it saw no pendulum, but an advance as sure, if as slow, as fate. Therefore, Grant's name began to be spoken with a different sound. And a Southern newspaper perceived in him the largest threat to Confederate armies. It called him "the bee which has really stung our flanks so long."

After Donelson, Grant had written Sherman: "I feel under many obligations to you for the kind terms of your letter, and hope that, should an oppor-

tunity occur, you will earn for yourself that promotion which you are kind enough to say belongs to me. I care nothing for promotion, so long as our armies are successful, and no political appointments are made." He did not now relish the suggestion of his being ordered to the Potomac, which first came to him at this time. He wrote: "My going could do no possible good. They have there able officers who have been brought up with that army."

Meanwhile Vicksburg had made him a major-general in the regular army. Lincoln had written him his hearty personal thanks, and the cause of the Union had brightened at home and abroad. The London *Times* and *Saturday Review* had lately been quoting the Bible as sanction for slavery; for England dearly loves the Bible; but now many voices in London became sure that slavery was wicked; for England dearly loves success.

Grant was more pestered than ever now with Jews and other traders. As he wrote Chase on July 21: "Any trade whatsoever with the rebellious states is weakening to us. . . . It will be made the means of supplying the enemy with what they want." His sound sense, however, could not wholly prevail against the politicians. One would gladly dwell upon the story of the cotton, historically important, and romantic in detail: how — for one example — a determined and beautiful lady with her French maid spent some six weeks on board a certain flag-ship, and came triumphant away, bringing all the cotton she wanted and leaving all the reputation she had; but we must go on to Chattanooga.

Again, as in the preceding year, Grant felt that one aggressive blow struck should be followed up by another; and Halleck again rejected the notion. Once more the gathered army

was dispersed on various errands of secondary importance, and once more the railroad of last year was solemnly ordered to be repaired, this time by Sherman. In September a fall from his horse in New Orleans confined Grant to his bed for twenty-one days. While he was still in bed, General Rosecrans, after preliminary success in Tennessee, got himself into the gravest difficulties at the battle of Chickamauga, where, but for the splendid fight that Thomas made the second day, he would certainly have been destroyed by General Bragg. As it was, the Union forces escaped, and retired into Chattanooga. The army could no longer attack. Very soon it could no longer retreat. Order was nowhere, and starvation was approaching. Jefferson Davis visited Bragg during this time, and, looking down from a rock upon the beleaguered, helpless army, felt much natural joy. Like Donelson, like Vicksburg, like Corinth, Chattanooga also was

a vital strategic point, a mountain funnel — the only one — through which the South-west could send supplies to Lee.

One coherent plan for relieving the starvation General Rosecrans evidently had; and, to carry it out, he was going to employ Hooker's command, at this time sent to re-enforce him. It involved bridging the Tennessee River, thereby to acquire the use of an approach not commanded by the enemy. To state what geographical precision this plan had reached in the mind of General Rosecrans involves a question of accuracy between his memory and the memory of General W. F. Smith. Both with some acrimony have claimed the glory of thinking of it, and upon this point the official records are not quite specific; but the glory of doing it, and doing it to perfection, is certainly General Smith's. Enough has been said to remind the reader that we are walking here, as everywhere, upon the treacherous embers of controversy.

Twice in September, Grant, still in bed, had sent Rosecrans assistance. On October 10 he received a summons to Cairo, and hobbled off on the same day. From Cairo on the 17th he was ordered to Louisville, and on the way met the Secretary of War, who placed him in command of the newly created Military Division of the Mississippi. Matters were desperate at Chattanooga. Rains had melted the country to mire, and ten thousand horses and mules were dead of hunger. October 19, Rosecrans started with Smith down the river to view the best place for the intended bridge to open a better avenue of supplies. Rosecrans stopped at the hospital. When Smith reported from his inspection of the shore down the river, he found the general relieved by Grant, and Thomas in his place. Next day Grant, still very lame, began his journey from Louisville to Chattanooga. By train, on horseback through the washed-out mountains, and

carried in dangerous places because of his injury, he reached Chattanooga the night of the 23d, "wet, dirty, and well," as Dana's literary pen wrote Stanton. And forthwith order began to shape itself from formlessness. Grant's enemies say he had nothing to do with it, that it would have come without him. To this there is a sufficient answer: it did come with him. Guessing what might have been helps history no better than the *post mortem* cures the patient. And, in truth, these critics are preposterous. Earth has not anything more childish than a military man airing a grievance.

That night Grant listened, and asked questions of the officers. These felt that somebody had come among them. He was delighted with the scheme for the new avenue of supplies which General Smith explained to him, and his mind was also filled with plans for aggression. After all these days of passive defence, he must have seemed to Thomas and the

rest of that company like the flood-tide after the ebb. Next day he went to see where Smith was going to open the road. That night he wrote leaf after leaf of despatches, brief, forcible, unambiguous, and with scarcely a change of a word or a pause to choose one; for such was his great power in this matter of writing what he had to say. He ordered up Sherman from Corinth where Halleck's railroad-building was delaying that general. He sent reassuring messages to Halleck about Burnside, who was threatened in East Tennessee. As we think of him during these days, reeling off orders and pulling the scattered shreds of mismanagement together, he seems like a quietly spinning dynamo which, silent and unnoticed, in a small house, supplies the current that drives a great system of moving wheels. At midnight on the 27th General Smith began, and at ten next morning brilliantly finished, his opening of the new road.

It was the first stroke of salvation for Chattanooga. That night the enemy under Longstreet fought Hooker on Lookout Mountain to retrieve this loss, but failed. The dynamo continued steadily spinning destruction for Bragg, who now did a foolish thing. He sent twenty thousand men away under Longstreet to attack Burnside. At this, Grant nearly did a foolish thing himself. He ordered an assault. But Thomas saved him from this error. All the while Sherman with his army was coming nearer. Swollen waters and deep walking clogged their struggling march, and the battle was put off for them. At length Bragg from his heights saw them prowling in the heavy country across the river, thought they were going to help Burnside, and forthwith despatched more help to Longstreet.

And now the reader must see the shape of the country. Let him think of a theatre, and stand on the stage, and look

at the house. On the stage he is in Chattanooga, with the river and mountains behind him, and Sherman creeping behind them. In the house sits Bragg all around the balcony. A valley cuts the balcony in the middle, but Bragg from both sides commands it as if the horseshoe were not split. At the right end of the balcony is Lookout Mountain, like a stage box. The box opposite is the north end of Missionary Ridge; and the whole left side of the balcony is part of the same ridge. Bragg holds them all. His centre is up on the left side of the balcony: his two wings are the two stage boxes that look at each other across the valley. He also holds a position in the middle of the parquet, called Orchard Knob. The parquet is Chattanooga valley. To attack Bragg, there is a choice. Go at the centre, cut him in two, and beat the stage boxes separately, or get round behind the boxes, and attack both, so that one cannot go

to help the other. But the centre was a straight climb up into the face of the enemy, and Grant determined upon the boxes. The left-hand box, the north end of Missionary Ridge, was to be the main affair; and Sherman was to conduct it. He was to creep round and there turn Bragg's flank, while Hooker was to turn the other flank on Lookout Mountain. Thus Sherman might cut Bragg from his base, which lay less than a mile behind that part of Missionary Ridge. Bragg never suspected this could happen. Sherman had crept out of sight, gone to Burnside, he supposed; and the Union troops seemed to him from his balcony to be thinking of his centre and of Lookout Mountain opposite. So he did not much fortify the precious north end of Missionary Ridge. He was doing precisely what Grant manœuvred for. But Chattanooga is one of the great battles that melt to a new shape in the very hands of their sculptors.

On Friday, November 20, a day of heavy falling rain, Bragg sent word to Grant, "As there may still be some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal." "I did not know what the intended deception was," says Grant. Meanwhile no battle could begin until Sherman had wholly crept round behind that left-hand box — a direful work in the mud, with a bridge thirteen hundred and fifty feet long to build, and build noiselessly. On Sunday a deserter reported that Bragg was falling back. Perhaps he was going against Burnside himself. If so, he should not get away without some little trouble at least. Therefore on Monday the little trouble occurred. Up in his balcony, Bragg saw going on down in the parquet what he supposed to be a dress parade of the Union troops. Suddenly they rushed : the parade blossomed into a sharp encounter, and before the

Southern troops well knew what it meant they had lost Orchard Knob. So the Union was a mile nearer to the rising land at the foot of Missionary Ridge. Bragg showed his strength on top, and then Grant knew that he was not retreating. Orchard Knob was now strengthened with artillery. Bragg was frightened, and took troops away from Lookout Mountain across to the other side, where the unseen Sherman was approaching. Through that night Sherman came out from the concealing hills upon the river, dropped silently down the river on the bridge-boats, caught all the rebel river pickets but one, and by dawn began his noiseless bridge of thirteen hundred feet, which General Smith finished by noon. By one, he was marching to the foot of the ridge in a drizzling rain, hidden by clouds from the enemy's watch across the theatre on Lookout Mountain. By this Tuesday night he was upon his end of Missionary

Ridge, and for the first time saw a gap splitting him from the rest of the ridge. That retarding gap greatly changed the battle's intended shape. So much for Sherman on Tuesday, on the left.

On the right, Hooker was unexpectedly strengthened by a part of Sherman's force which the breaking of a bridge had prevented from following Sherman. Therefore, Grant turned Lookout Mountain into a more serious matter than he had planned. At the mountain's front, Hooker displayed himself; and, while he thus occupied the enemy's attention on top, from behind them a part of his force came somewhat upon their rear through the drifting fog. Their picket was taken. From his post of observation on Orchard Knob, Grant saw the enemy coming down the mountain to oppose the advance there. But, further round, the other force that had taken the picket was pressing on and up; and suddenly the Confederates saw this

meeting invasion. They fired down uselessly. Though men fell in this steep scramble, the force came on through stones and thickets, and, joining with the force in front, ascended out of sight into the mist, until Grant could often only hear the noise of the invisible guns nearer and nearer the top of the mountain. By night Hooker was established there.

The Wednesday morning was cold and fine. The battle's change of shape from its original design was clear to see. Over on Sherman's side many troops were now massed against him. Nor on account of that unexpected gap between the end of the ridge and its continuation could he achieve his assault with the necessary celerity. Bragg had taken his troops from Lookout Mountain to oppose Sherman; and Bragg, should he see fit, might really get away without further harm to himself. So Hooker was ordered across from Lookout Mountain to

interrupt his possible retreat. As Sherman came fighting along Missionary Ridge from the left, Bragg removed more and more troops from the centre of the balcony to oppose him, so that up there the enemy's force was visibly growing thinner in the centre as it grew thicker on the left. The shape of the battle was steadily changing. Something must be done to divert the enemy's increasing blows from Sherman. Hooker, coming behind them from Lookout Mountain, could do it; but no Hooker was to be seen. His speed had been checked by a destroyed bridge. He was on his way, but not at hand for this urgent hour. As we easily follow a boat race or a game on land from our arranged benches, so Grant and his staff from Orchard Knob saw, as it has only once or twice been seen before, the whole thunderous pageant, flashing upon the hills of Chattanooga. And up there, inaccessible to help, Sherman was fight-

ing the current of a gathering tide. Bragg's attention must be distracted from him down here, somehow. And so this battle takes its final unexpected splendid shape, and passes like a great song into our history. Four of our greatest — Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan, Grant — stand together in it, the only time they ever did so, — a gathering of chiefs, indeed; and with them in their splendour, as is fit, inspired by them to share their own renown, stands the American volunteer, reckless at the right time, suddenly immortal with wild courageous wisdom. He is told, by way of experiment, to advance to the base of the hill — that centre which Bragg had been thinning — and there take Bragg's lowest line of works. Again he goes steadily, as if on parade, with flags flying and music playing. Then he swiftly charges, and next finds himself master of the rifle-pits, with prisoners captured he has not time to know how.

Here he has been ordered to stop. But down on his head from the top pours such a stream of fire that staying is death, while going back is failure. Twenty thousand of him crouch there,—twenty thousand bodies, but one white-hot spirit, transfigured and resistless. Without orders, he rises, he climbs, he goes on his hands, he mounts the broken steep slant of hill, leading his captains as much as they lead him; and the astonished Grant from Orchard Knob sees him storm the crest and turn the enemy's guns upon themselves. It is done. Bragg is split in flying pieces. The stars and stripes wave upon Missionary Ridge.

When Grant rode up among this seething triumph, the men quickly found him out, and swarmed upon him by hundreds, embracing his feet and calling his name. And, among all the gifts and tokens that presently showered upon him for this great November 25, even

brighter than the gold medal voted by Congress is the memory of that brier-wood cigar-case given him by a poor soldier who made it with his pocket-knife.

Now he sat in the centre of his nation's bright day. Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, melted together in his fame. Thanksgiving spread from his deed in widening circles. His message to the government, the pith of modesty, "I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg," is enough and better than if it had been more. And Lincoln answered, "God bless you all!" And what did Sherman with his men do now? Having "without a moment's rest after a march of over four hundred miles, without sleep for three successive nights," crossed the Tennessee and fought their share of Chattanooga and pursued the enemy out of Tennessee, they "turned more than a hundred and twenty miles north, and

compelled Longstreet to raise the siege of Knoxville" where Burnside was. When in a few months Grant was appointed full lieutenant general, under special act of Congress (he was the first since Washington, Winfield Scott being only brevet), he wrote to Sherman: "What I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I do." And Sherman answered in a spirit equally noble, "You do yourself injustice and us too much honour." In these letters the two men lay bare their best selves. And how well Sherman knew his friend! "Now as to the future," he says, "do not stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. For

God's sake and your country's sake, come out of Washington!''

That is why Grant did come out when he was general-in-chief. Better, far better, had he never gone back as president. Assuredly, Sherman knew him very well.

Ceremonies and crowds attended him after his arrival in Washington to receive his new rank. His actual arrival with his little boy was according to his own inveterate modesty. Unheralded from the train in the early morning, he waited his turn behind the more pushing travellers, and reached the hotel book last. Chittenden has told us how the transfixed hotel clerk changed his manner on reading, "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill." Horace Porter records Lincoln's cry of welcome that evening. John Sherman writes to his brother of the adulations in Washington, and his fear that Grant will be spoiled. And Grant's remark to Lincoln, "Really,

Mr. President, I have had enough of the show business," completes the picture. No, not quite. One week later, when he was in Nashville arranging with Sherman the vast concluding process of the Rebellion, the "show business," in the shape of the mayor with a rosewood box and a sword, caught him again. Sherman's incomparably brisk pen has drawn the scene: "The mayor rose and in a most dignified way read a finished speech to General Grant, who stood as usual very awkwardly; and the mayor closed his speech by handing him the resolutions of the city council, engrossed on parchment, with a broad ribbon and large seal attached. After the mayor had fulfilled his office so well, General Grant said, 'Mr. Mayor, as I knew that this ceremony was to occur, and as I am not used to speaking, I have written something in reply.' He then began to fumble in his pockets, first his breast-coat pocket, then his pants, vest, etc.,

and after a considerable delay he pulled out a crumpled piece of common yellow cartridge paper, which he handed to the mayor. When read, his answer was most excellent,—short, concise, and, if delivered, would have been all that the occasion required. I could not help laughing at a scene so characteristic of the man to whom all had turned as the only one to guide the nation in a war that had become painfully critical."

So now he faced the conclusion. From Cairo in 1861 to Chattanooga in 1863 he had marched forward, narrowing the Confederacy blow after blow. Here, between Washington and Richmond—only a hundred miles—blow after blow had narrowed nothing. In April, 1864, they stood as they had started in April, 1861. Richmond was still to be taken, Lee still to be crushed. Three years, six generals, and a loss of one hundred and forty-four thousand men had failed to do this. From such failure Grant re-

ceived two great inheritances, and with them succeeded. His inheritances were to have his own way unhampered and the control of a perfect instrument, the army of the Potomac under General Meade. Grant's detractors lay too much stress on the first inheritance. He had his own way, not only because Lincoln had at length learned how disastrous meddling was, but also because Lincoln felt in his marrow that here was a man who would go on and do the thing. He had met no such man till now. He had been looking for one ceaselessly. Upon the Army of the Potomac and General Meade too much stress cannot be laid. Without that engine and pilot the captain would have wrecked his vessel several times. During forty-eight hours around Spottsylvania he essayed direction of the tactics himself, and wrought such havoc that thereafter he allowed the pilot Meade full charge of this.

We may feel sure that Grant under-

rated Lee at the beginning. He had encountered no such genius in the West. His remark that the Army of the Potomac had never been "fought up its full capacity" indicates that he expected quicker results than he got. And the famous sentence from his letter near Spottsylvania on May 11, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes *all summer*," plainly shows brief anticipations. It took until the following April. And in his own report one reads between the lines something like an apology for these terrible battles. He says: "Whether they might have been better in conception and execution is for the people who mourn the loss of friends fallen, and who have to pay the pecuniary cost, to say. All I can say is that what I have done has been done conscientiously, to the best of my ability, and in what I conceived to be for the best interests of the whole country." His conception was "to hammer contin-

uously . . . until by mere attrition" there should be nothing left of the enemy. He reduced the problem, not to "Who can win the greatest victories?" but to "Who can stand the heaviest losses?" To state it thus was to solve it. It was not military, but it was deeply sagacious. It was like Columbus and the egg. It was also a confession of Lee's superiority. The fact that Lee had the interior lines is not sufficient counterbalance. These awful battles add not to Grant's, but to Lee's reputation.

On his side, Lee evidently underrated Grant. He, too, had been used to other generals — generals who struck a blow and then sat down. But it was never to be like that any more.

There were two ways for Grant to move from the Potomac on land to Richmond: by the right flank, westward and inland — an easier country to fight in, a harder line of communications to cover; by the left flank, south-eastward,

nearer the water — a harder country, easier communications.

To move immediately south of Richmond by water and from there cut its supporting railroads was well enough, provided Lee would keep himself inside Richmond's fortifications while this was going on. But it was unlikely he would do now what he had never done before. On the contrary, he could be expected so to enlarge his circumference of protection that to envelop him would spread the army out too thin, and bare its extended flanks to disadvantageous attack while fighting for possession of the radiating railroads. Moreover, since Lee had to be bitterly encountered somewhere, it was better to meet him further from his home and nearer our own supplies. This, too, for a while screened Washington.

Grant moved by the left flank May 3, choosing a midnight start. But Lee saw him before he could get beyond the un-

propitious country, and compelled a battle May 5.

On that beginning day the two crossed weapons, both of perfect steel. Lee handled his like a great swordsman: Grant handled his like a great blacksmith. Lee had some seventy thousand men: Grant, some one hundred and twenty thousand. Day, and often night, the weapons struck fire at some point; day and night, during not weeks, but months. Some of these clashes have names forever reddened with slaughter, — the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor; but in between them flow nameless streams of blood continuously. More sublimely shines the American volunteer at Cold Harbor than at Chattanooga, — more sublime in walking calmly to visible death than in tumultuously rushing to victory. He stood in the centre with the enemy in a great half-wheel around him, and, knowing that some one had blundered,

walked into this. First he wrote his name and home, and fastened the address to his clothes. Thus they would know whose body it was. Then, at the word, he went. Six thousand Union soldiers were killed at Cold Harbor in one hour. In the book of noble deeds from Thermopylæ down, is there a more heroic page than this?

By November 1 Grant had lost eighty thousand men — more than Lee began with. The army of the Potomac, the weapon of fine temper, was hacked into a saw by the usage it had received. Nor was Lee crushed yet, nor Richmond yet taken. In Grant's pictures the story is plain; the saddened eyes, the worn face, the mouth shut down tight all around. The heavy strain — heavier these months than Lincoln's — with distant campaigns to plan, near battles to fight, disloyal politics in the North, and the usual popular imbecile clamour for a change or a cessation, bore Grant down

inwardly. He carried the Union on his back; and other generals had failed him, and he had been a disappointment to himself. He gave in to drink, it seems, at times. Discovering this, Ben Butler appears to have blackmailed him. He had requested Butler's removal for bad conduct at Petersburg. Butler visited him. He backed down. Not from personal fear. The Union cause was trembling in politics. A public tale of drink might remove the general, and split the Union forever. Presently Sherman's and Sheridan's successes clinched Lincoln's election. Next Butler showed incompetence again. Then Grant dismissed him. Butler could have published as much about drink as he pleased. The Union was safe. Wound up in this, contemporaneously rather than logically, is General W. F. Smith's severe fate. Under first impressions of him received at Chattanooga, Grant had thought him worthy

a high command, and at this time designed him for Butler's successor. But in the same twenty-four hours with Butler's blackmail, General Smith criticised to Grant's face the battle of Cold Harbor. Thinking this over, it struck Grant that General Smith had meant to "whip him over Meade's shoulder," as he phrased it. He relieved his campaign of so captious a subordinate. It was, perhaps, advisable, but seems harsh.

Yet, if the North was dismayed by Grant's destructive battles, still more so was the South. They felt the end coming. Each bloody crisis saw Grant move on. Such a thing had not been seen before.

Early's almost successful attempt to take Washington did not frighten Grant from his siege of Petersburg. He merely let Sheridan loose upon Early, and broke him. That also settled the Shenandoah Valley, Secession's fertile incubator and truck garden. Sent there during three

years to handle it with gloves, our soldiers had seen it so periodically that they called it *Harper's Weekly*. At length Sheridan, though inexcusably brutal in his barn-burning, yet, in destroying crops and forage, merely treated the valley as it should have been treated at first. But Secession considered that Union should fight with gloves. When Union began to fight to a finish, Secession cried out. Sheridan is still denounced; but Secession's massacre of Fort Pillow and burning of Chambersburg are not mentioned.

So the South knew that in Grant's deadly grip and will was something fateful, never met till now. And that grip was seizing it elsewhere. Besides Sheridan, Sherman was closing in upon it in Georgia, and Thomas soon struck it heavily at Nashville. These simultaneous strides of disaster had all been set and kept in motion by the single central will. And, no matter what the impatient country said, the president stood

Grant's friend through thick and thin. The Secretary of War had made one supreme effort to maintain his dictatorship over the movements of the army. The report of his fall is thus: Hearing from Grant that certain troops were to be disposed in a certain way, he objected that he had other plans, and could not allow it. Grant said, "But the order has been given." The domineering Stanton then objected much more; and always, when he paused, Grant imperturbably replied, "But the order has been given." The Secretary rushed to Lincoln. Lincoln said, "But Congress has made him general of all the armies." The Secretary still poured himself out; and still the deprecating Lincoln murmured only, "But Congress has made him general of all the armies." There it stopped permanently.

And Lincoln's words to Grant through this time, though once he expresses a hope that as few lives as possible may be

sacrificed, show his deep faith and his deep satisfaction in his aggressive, indomitable general. In August he writes: "The particulars of your campaign I neither know nor seek to know. I wish not to intrude any restraints or constraints upon you." Grant's reply unites a modesty and a self-reliance that Lincoln had not heard until this general came: "Should my success be less than I desire or expect, the least I can say is the fault is not yours." No wonder Lincoln liked his new commander! He writes again, when less firm spirits at Washington had been counselling a halt: "I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bull-dog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

The withers of the South were being wrung. Side failures did nothing to obscure the looming end. The great blows of Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas sent

their shocks to the heart of Secession; and at the heart sat Grant, holding Lee tight in Richmond. It is recorded of his ceaseless work at this period, that on one day he wrote forty-two important despatches.

This winter was a time of thought for the weary, disenchanted Southern people and a time of desperation on the part of their political misleaders. In early February some of these had, in good faith, visited Grant to talk of peace, which talk he had tactfully evaded, while showing them all hospitality at his headquarters. With tact still greater he had persuaded Lincoln to come and see them himself instead of sending Seward as an emissary. But this ended in nothing, save that Grant's character and kindness won the high admiration of the Confederate vice-president, Stephens, who wrote: "He is one of the most remarkable men I ever met. He does not seem to be aware of

his powers." Presently again the South asked for a peace talk, this time through General Lee, who addressed Grant in a letter. But Grant explained that terms of peace were not in his province; that his authority allowed him to act only regarding military subjects, such as the exchange of prisoners. And the matter stopped there. Lee's actions and spirit must be kept wide apart from those of the Secession politicians at this time and at all times. Under the inspiration of Jefferson Davis, in the spring a manifesto issued from the Confederate Congress, which struggled to goad the people to further efforts and sacrifices by such prophecies as follow: If the Union won, "not only would the property and estates of vanquished rebels be confiscated, but they would be divided and distributed among our African bondsmen." "Our enemies have threatened to deport our entire white population, and supplant it with a new

population drawn from their own territories and from European countries." The manifesto further says: "Failure makes us vassals of an arrogant people. Failure will compel us to drink the cup of humiliation, even to the bitter dregs of having the history of our struggle written by New England historians." But even this excruciating peril seemed to the Southern people, whose sons were dead and whose livelihood was gone, a less calamity than paying a thousand dollars of their money for a barrel of flour, and seeing their white-haired fathers and fifteen-year-old boys now forcibly thrown into the mill of blood. They wanted peace. They began to see in Jefferson Davis and his associates, not a group of patriots, but a heartless, selfish, unscrupulous gang of intriguers. They began to go home from the army. There was no pay and no food for those who devotedly remained faithful to Lee. Grant was closing in. On April 3 Lee

had to break cover, and retreat from Richmond. Davis fled southward; and, even while flying, and with full knowledge of the crumbling house, he made another speech, to lure, if possible, more victims to the slaughter. "We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle," he said. "Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base."

Few could have believed him. But the soldiers, ragged and starved, followed and fought under their beloved Lee across the rainy fields of Virginia.

No successes now changed a muscle of Grant's impassive face. Nothing but the capture of prisoners wakened visible elation in him. Each prisoner meant one enemy less to fight, one more life saved from fruitless sacrifice. Of his thoughts, only his actions show anything. When leaving headquarters at City Point

on March 29 for this last struggle, he bade his wife good-by with more than his daily tenderness, which was always great. He kissed her again and again at the door, as though their next meeting might never be, or would not be until after much had happened. Then Lincoln walked to the train with him, said, "God bless you all!" with an unsteady voice, and they moved away to begin the taking of Richmond. "The President," said Grant, "is one of the few who have not attempted to extract from me a knowledge of my movements, although he is the only one who has a right to know them."

Rain fell the next day and dulled the army's spirits, but weather made no change in the quiet general. And Sheridan rode in through the rain from his cavalry to headquarters, talked with the staff and with Grant, and departed to his coming battles like a meteor, leaving a trail of fired enthusiasm behind him.

To this star in these final days the great wagon of the army seemed hitched. Whatever they separately did,—and they were doing something during every hour,—the fierce white light of Sheridan's genius beats upon the whole; and his deeds against the enemy are like strokes of lightning. On the morning of April 3 Lincoln came to Grant in captured Petersburg, and shook his hand and poured out his thanks a long while. He said this was something like his expectations, only that he had imagined Sherman would have been brought from the South to share in it. Then he learned more of his general's tact, for Grant told him it was justice that the army which fought Lee from the beginning should fight him at the end and divide the glory with no one. Thus there could be no rancour. The close partisans of Meade, bitter over the great slight which history has so far done his fame, contend that he should have received the final sur-

render; but a later generation must think that this belonged to the general-in-chief. Had Grant's brooding mind been occupied with any thoughts save how best to end the matter and how best to be merciful to the vanquished, he could scarcely be excused. But he thought neither of himself nor of any other of the victors. So he and Lincoln talked together awhile at Petersburg, and understood each other well; for one thought filled them both,—leniency. Then Grant went forward, and learned of Richmond's fall. But no wish to enter and gloat over his prize was in the conqueror's heart. As he had asked at Donelson, Why humiliate a brave enemy? and as at Vicksburg he had forbidden a cheer to be raised over the surrendered, or any taunt made as they passed, so now he avoided Richmond; and Lee's last march went on. The good deeds and the exploits of Sheridan's cavalry spurred the infantry to a race. The pursuit

quickened; and Sheridan, striking blow on blow at the front, forever called back for greater speed. Lee must not escape to Danville. Lee must be headed off, and compelled to fight again. Newhall, of Sheridan's staff, writes: "All along the road were evidences of the demoralisation of the enemy. Flankers and scouting parties of cavalry were continually bringing in scores of prisoners from the woods on either side,—prisoners who would throw down their arms at the sight of blue uniforms and request to be captured. The steadfast women who begged them to turn back and face us again had been laughed to scorn."

At dark on April 5 word came from Sheridan to Grant: "I wish you were here. I see no escape for General Lee." Grant called for his horse, and rode through the night to Sheridan and Meade. And on the next day at Sailor's Creek the clouds sank lower round

Lee. Again Grant's actions reveal his thoughts. On Friday, April 7, he wrote Lee: "The last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance. I regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia." The unsuccessful battles, the dwindling regiments, the starvation, the retreat cut off,—all this was plainly the end; and it stared Lee in the face. But on such a sight Lee had not at first the moral strength to open his eyes. The pain was too blinding. In his youth he had taken an oath to support the government. That government had educated him to be a soldier. He had been against Secession. But, when the time came to choose between Secession and his oath, he chose (not without reluctance) to break his oath, and turn against the government the teaching it had given him. And

now here he sat, with his lost cause like a broken idol in his hands. For a moment he shrank from the final pang of renunciation. "I have received your note," he replied to Grant on that same Friday. "Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore ask the terms you will offer." And Grant on Saturday replied, "Peace being my great desire, there is but one condition — that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms until properly exchanged." And then follows a touch of his perfect consideration for the defeated opponent: "I will meet you or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name." So did Washington write to Cornwallis, as Horace Porter reminds us. But Lee would himself go through with whatever had to come. Only still he pushed the

bitter cup away from him. "I cannot meet you with a view to surrender," he answered; "but, as far as your proposal may tend to the restoration of peace, I shall be pleased to meet you." And he named Sunday morning, on the old stage-road between the picket lines.

This disappointing word came to Grant in the heart of the night, where he lay sleepless from many hours of pain in his head. Hunger, fatigue, exposure, and strain had brought on such torments that he had allowed remedies to be tried, but without avail. He lay down again. In the early hours he was found walking up and down outside, holding his head with both hands. He now wrote a third time to Lee that he had no authority to treat of peace, but that peace could be had, and lives and property saved, by the South's laying down their arms. An urgency, almost an appeal, pervades this letter. He then declined advice to take an ambulance for the sake of his

severe pain, and, mounting once more, proceeded toward Sheridan's front. It was near noon now; and, as he went, a despatch overtook him. Time and further mischances had brought Lee to the point. He requested an interview for the purpose of surrender according to the terms offered. As Grant read and understood that here in his hand at last lay peace, all pain left him. He dismounted, and by the roadside wrote his answer. While he was doing this, and hurrying forward to the meeting, Lee some six miles away lay waiting. Stretched on a blanket under an apple-tree by the road, he contemplated the sunshine that bathed Virginia. Of his thoughts, also, only his actions reveal anything. When Grant's note reached him, he rose, and had soon ridden into Appomattox Court-house, and in a house there waited for Grant. In a little while Grant reached the grassy village street; and there, dismounted,

stood Sheridan and others. No significant words were spoken in this hour. Silence is the only reference that men make to great events which they are in the midst of. The ordinary greetings of every day were briefly given. The house where General Lee waited was pointed out to Grant; and he went in, leaving most of the others upon the porch. There they sat, while General Lee's grey horse cropped the grass near them. Quietness was over the little village and the armies lying in the country round. The door opened, and two of those on the porch were signed to come in. They entered, it is said, treading as those do who steal into a sick-chamber, while the rest still sat on the porch. When the door next opened, they rose. For out of it General Lee came, splendid, tall, grey-bearded, immovable. They looked at him and his sword and spotless grey uniform. He stood absently on the step, gazing away

across Virginia; and two or three times he struck one hand against the other. Then, having spoken no word, and noticing his grey horse that had been brought him, he mounted, and rode away. As he was going, Grant came through the door, saluted him in silence, and in silence also rode away. When Lee reached his army, the faithful men swarmed around him, cheering not their common misfortune, but the peace that he had made. They mingled their grief with his, grasping his hands; and then, almost overcome, he spoke: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you."

What Grant's features concealed on that day we know now from him: "What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. But my own, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so

long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse."

But, inside the house, what had gone on between the two chiefs? The witnesses watched and moved always with the hush of a sick-room. And after the first greeting, when they sat down, it became Grant who shrank from the point. He talked to Lee about Mexico and old times, and how good peace was going to be now; and twice Lee had to remind him of the business they had to do. Then Grant wrote, as always, simple and clear words. In the middle, his eye fell upon Lee's beautiful sword; and the chivalric act which it prompted has knighted his own spirit forever. "The surrender," he instantly wrote, "would not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." When Lee's eyes reached that sentence,

his face changed for the first time; and he said, "This will have a very happy effect upon my army." He then told what was new to Grant, that the horses ridden by the men were their own. Again the conqueror's tenderness lifted him into a realm diviner than the renown of victory. He ordered that the men "take the animals home with them to work their little farms." To this nobility Lee's own responded. "This will have the best possible effect upon the men," he said. Moved to greater frankness, he told Grant of his army's hunger; and for this also Grant at once provided. These are the things which the conqueror had done when he came out of the house with unrelaxed countenance, and rode away. As he went, he heard firing from his lines. It was in honour of the news, already spreading. He stopped these salutes at once. "The war is over," he said. "The rebels are our countrymen again."

Thus, when his strength had quelled the four years' storm, did a rainbow rise from his great heart across the heavens of our native land.

VI.

Not even if space were left, should his after days be told. It is not for them that we remember and bless him. The further we recede from him, the more they sink away and leave him shining in his greatness at Appomattox, a hero in a soldier's dress, with sword not drawn, but sheathed. There his figure stands immortal, and there his real life ends. For living is action up to the soul's highest excellence, and many who eat their three meals a day are dead as door-nails. Grant rose to his full height again only when he came to die. As president, he was no more himself than he had been when tanning leather. Men far less worthy have sat more worthily in the White House. It was foretold — silently. Sherman, his dear friend, was set against it, and would not say a word for it. Did he not know the world's great soldiers, and what babies they be-

came as statesmen,— Wellington latest of all? More still, he knew his friend. But we Americans, the most consistently inconsistent people on earth, have passed a century in abusing our army, and in electing every military hero we could get for president: Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant. When Lincoln was taken from us, no man was so loved as Grant; and, therefore, without asking or caring to know how he could have learned statesmanship, in our gratitude we twice gave him the greatest gift we have.

Before this happened, his straightforward goodness and the power that he had did much to heal the scars of war. Andrew Johnson wanted Lee tried for treason, and Grant stopped it by threatening to resign his commission. In those days the Southern General Taylor writes of him: "He came frequently to see me, was full of kindness, and anxious to promote my wishes. His action had en-

deared him to all Southern men. His bearing and conduct at this time were admirable, modest, and generous. He declared his ignorance of and distrust for politics and politicians, with which and whom he intended to have nothing to do."

Certainly, Johnson did not better Grant's opinion of politicians — nor did those men who now led the South far and wide astray from the noble spirit of Lee at Appomattox. Their continued malignity lost them a great chance, and cost the South dear. Following their manifesto at Richmond, already quoted, they now met each step of clemency with a temper which is completely heralded in the words of Henry A. Wise when he surrendered: "We won't be forgiven. We hate you, and that is the whole of it!" They now, with an arrogance which our language has no word to express, demanded to return to Congress on the old slave ratio. This gave white

owners the benefit of their slaves by adding three-fifths of the number of the black non-voting population to the sum of the white voting population. Slaves were free now, but this was the arrangement which the South proposed to continue. Let the reader pause, and take it in. Johnson, for personal reasons, encouraged it, and alarmed Congress. Naturally, the North lost patience ; and Grant lost his patience, too. This swept away the Fourteenth Amendment, an admirable device by which any State could deny a vote to a part of its male population *on condition that its representation in Congress was proportionately reduced.* This elastic remedy, which held hope, was destroyed by the precipitate deplorable blunder of the Fifteenth Amendment, the evils of which have stained our soil with increasing blood each year, and developed that barbarism of which the South has had too great a share from the beginning. But,

when leaders came to Grant offering him the presidency, either he forgot his opinion of politics, or (and signs point to this) he thought (as another hero has thought since) that being president was an easy matter. None of us can measure such a temptation without having it. As General Taylor writes, "Perhaps none but a divine being can resist such a temptation."

Strange, very strange, is Grant's conduct after his election. He left the world. He went into a sort of retreat at Galena. He would see no party leaders. He ordered no letter sent to him. He would make no speeches. He disclosed his plans to no one. We can only guess his thoughts during this time by his acts following it. They were honest — and helpless. Evidently, he wished to govern without politics, as he had made war without politics. He wished to choose men as he had chosen generals — for their fitness as he judged

them. He did not perceive the vast difference: that war at once lays bare a soldier's fitness to the bone, while peace may hide incompetence and dishonesty for many years. As an illustration of Grant's total blindness to the proprieties of civil government, his choosing Mr. Stewart Secretary of the Treasury will serve. He very naturally thought so great a merchant would fill the place well. He appointed him without consulting him. The Senate confirmed the appointment. Then a law was discovered forbidding men in foreign trade to hold this position. Grant asked to have the law changed!

But we will not dwell upon his many improprieties of administration — favouritism, too constant acceptance of presents, too great obstinacy in forcing his notions, invincible misunderstanding of the difference between a lieutenant general and a president. It may be said that, when he happened upon good

guides, such as Hamilton Fish, his acts were wise, as in the *Alabama* case, where he was as right as Sumner was wrong, or as in his courageous veto of the inflation bill in 1874. When he listened to thieves and impostors, as in the San Domingo matter, his acts were mistaken and dangerous. And, alas! unchanged from his childhood innocence revealed in the horse story, he remained such a mark for thieves and impostors that he came to sit in a sort of centre of corruption, credulous to the bitter end. For the end was the bitterest of all.

After his second term, when he had gone round the world, and met most of the great people in it, and returned man enough of the world to remark humourously that at Windsor Queen Victoria had been too anxious to put him at his ease, and after his unwilling candidacy for a third term had been frustrated,—after all his experience, he fell a dupe to a Wall Street gambler. He became a

special partner. His name was used to further a brazen scheme of thievery. Into the business he put a hundred thousand dollars, and drew two and three thousand a month income without wondering how such returns could be. When the crash came on May 6, 1884, it was inconceivable to the world at first that he was not guilty. Presently by his conduct and statements, by his making over to his creditor, Mr. Vanderbilt, all the property that he owned, and refusing Mr. Vanderbilt's generous attempts to give it back to him, the world recognised his innocence. Help was offered this ex-president who had not now enough money to pay the milkman. Most touchingly, a stranger, Mr. Wood, sent him instantly five hundred dollars, and soon five hundred more, as his share of the nation's debt to him. More elaborate attempts to assist him were begun, but he rejected them. And under the whole shock his body gave way. But

his spirit rose. He was asked to write war articles, and presently was able to pay Mr. Wood with the first-fruits of his pen. Then for weeks, sometimes in such torture from the cancer in his throat that drinking water was like swallowing molten lead to him, he fought death away while he wrote his memoirs. The tribute of the country in making him general once more on March 4, 1885, deeply pleased him; but he was shaken by it, and grew worse. Reviving, however, his vast will pushed on with the book, in order to leave something for his wife's support. He had no voice any more, but whispered his dictation, and wrote on days when he was strong enough. He held death away until the book was finished, and then gave death leave to come. In June he had been taken up the Hudson River to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, from his New York house. His eyes followed West Point as the train passed by it. On

July 3 his old friend Buckner, of Donelson, came affectionately to bid him farewell; and he spoke of his happiness in the growing harmony between North and South. On July 9, in a trembling pencil, he wrote to Mr. Wood: "I am glad to say that, while there is much unblushing wickedness in this world, yet there is a compensating generosity and grandeur of soul. In my case I have not found that republics are ungrateful, nor are the people." On July 23 he died. To pay his debts, he had so utterly stripped himself of all his trophies and possessions that there was not left a uniform to clothe his body or a sword to lay upon his coffin. To-day he rests in his tomb at Riverside. But his greatest visible monument is the book. Quite apart from its history, which here and there needs amendment, and quite independent of its masterly prose, it is a picture of a noble, modest, great heart.

As Lincoln asked Grant after Corinth, "How does it all sum up?" Let poetry, which is the summing of all substance, reply: —

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

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